THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

Weekly Theatrical Report.

NUMBER XVI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1800.

Vis consilî expers mole ruit sua;
Vim temperatam Dî quoque provehunt
In majus: iidem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.

DRAMATIC WRITERS, who desire to have an EARLY Review of their Publications, are requested to send a Copy to the Editor at JUSTINS's Printing-Office, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *April* 14, 1800.

LONDON MERCHANT; OR, GEORGE BARNWELL—*Lillo.* LODOISKA—*J. P. Kemble.*

THE DRAMATIC CENSOR commenced its literary career with its disquisitions on this Play, which, as we observed in the First Number of our Work, is peculiarly adapted to improve and instruct a holiday audience. We shall not enter into a recapitulation of the general remarks we made on that occasion, but content ourselves with observing, that their application remains in force, as to the merits of the several performers. The part of *Thoroughgood* was sustained by Mr. HULL, of Co-

vent-Garden, in consequence of the continued indisposition of Mr. AICKIN, the justly-respected Manager of Drury-Lane. Mr. CLARKE, it seems, was the *intended* substitute, and his name was actually inserted in the Bills of the Theatre in that character; but Mr. HULL was afterwards applied to, and readily volunteered his services.

In the Entertainment, Mrs. CROUCH resumed her *original* part, as the *Princess Lodoiska*. We have repeatedly had occasion to give our opinion of her talents, and shall, therefore, from motives of delicate forbearance, decline placing her in the scale of comparison with Miss DE CAMP. The house overflowed soon after the drawing up of the curtain.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *April* 14, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton*. ST. DAVID's DAY.—*Dibdin*. HERMIONE.

HAVING brought our *Strictures* on the *Statement* of the *Eight Malecontent* Performers of Covent-Garden Theatre to a termination, we resume our *Analysis* of Mr. MORTON's New Comedy, which we suspended at the end of the Third Act.—See Vol. I. page 266.—As the author, in the interval, has published his Play, it will not be necessary for us to go into such a length of detail, as we did in the former Numbers of our Work; for which reason, we shall be more copious in our remarks, than in our quotations.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room in *Ashfield's* house. The good dame is discovered at work, *Henry* sitting pensively beside her. *Farmer Ashfield* enters in a violent rage, and vents his anger against *Sir Philip*, for proposing *Henry's* expulsion, in a short soliloquy—" It be lucky for he (*Sir Philip*) I be so pretty behaved."—His wife enquires the cause of his agitation, but receives an evasive answer. *Ashfield* then addresses himself to *Henry*, and after exacting from the youth a promise not to leave him, relates the circumstances of his interview with *Sir Philip Blandford*. *Henry* is effected with the recital, and resolves to remove the cause of the Baronet's resentment against his benefactor, by quitting the house of the latter. *Ashfield* opposes his determination, and reminds him of his promise not to leave him. This conversation is interrupted by a violent knocking at the door, which the farmer supposes to be the signal of a warrant of distress and execution, conformably to *Sir Philip's* menaces. " Come in," he cries, " dang it, dont ye be shy."

The door opens, but instead of the supposed officers of justice, *Henry* discovers the two strangers, whose appearance so strongly excited his curiosity in the morning—Act I. Scene III. *Ashfield* hospitably offers them refreshments, which they decline. An explanation takes place relative to the farmer's situation with *Sir Philip*. One of the two strangers, in consequence, presents *Henry* with a bond

upon the Baronet for £.1000, with which he orders him to discharge *Ashfield's** debt, and to retain the remainder at his own disposal. He promises to give him further instructions in the way to the castle, and the party now make their exit, followed by *Henry*, who, very unaccountably, neglects to take his *hat* with him. This is an oversight, which Mr. H. E. JOHNSTON would do well to attend to in the future representations of the Play.

Scene II. represents an apartment in the castle. *Sir Philip* is seen in company with his daughter, who is reading to him. *Evergreen* enters, and after a short preamble, announces *Henry's* visit. *Emma* instantly catches the name, and is as instantly directed to leave the room. *Sir Philip* refuses to admit the youth, but understanding that his unwelcome visitor *demands* an interview, he orders him to be conducted to his presence.

An interesting scene ensues; *Sir Philip* acknowledges the validity of *Henry's* claim upon him by virtue of the assigned bond for £.1000, presented to him by the stranger, whose name turns out to be *Morrington*. This furnishes the Baronet with an op-

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* The author has wantonly degraded this scene, by the introduction of the most unpardonable buffoonery. A gentleman, who is in circumstances to give away a *thousand pounds*, is desired to cram "a couple of turkies into his pocket;" or, to "pop a ham under his arm." Low indeed, and barren must be the writer's wit, who is under the necessity of resorting to such wretched subterfuges, such paltry artifice, to raise a laugh.

portunity

portunity of depicting, in just and glowing colours, the horrors and miseries of the gaming table. *Henry* finding that the bond he holds against *Sir Philip* had been obtained by such base arts, magnanimously refuses to avail himself of it. "Thus," he exclaims, tearing the deed to pieces, and trampling on it, "thus I annihilate the detested act, and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship." The Baronet is forcibly struck with the nobleness of his conduct; and, in the height of his astonishment, unguardedly breaks out into an exclamation, which leads to very serious reflections—"Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!" —The application is not lost upon *Henry*, who feels still more strongly solicitous to be informed of his actual condition, parentage, and family. The Baronet, however, withholds the desired explanation; and, on the approach of *Mr. Robert Handy*, prevails upon *Henry* to leave him.

The agitation of *Sir Philip* does not escape the observation of *Young Handy*; and the still greater degree of alarm the Baronet discovers, on being apprized that *Sir Abel* had employed some workmen on the Eastern wing of the castle, confirms his suspicions, that some mystery attaches to the fortunes of his destined father-in-law, which will not bear investigation *Bob* now utterly changes his character; instead of the thoughtless, giddy, hair-brained madcap we beheld him in the preceding acts of the Comedy, he now appears in the light of a rational and prudent man. He insists upon *Sir*

Philip's

Philip's confidence, as the basis of the intended alliance between the families, and declares that he shall hesitate to call that man *father*, who *refuses* him the name of *friend*. This dereliction of character forms a topic, on which we have repeatedly had occasion to animadvert. To write *modern* comedy; or, in plain English, to draw *caricatures*, is an easy task, within the compass of very inferior abilities; but to delineate character with truth and precision; to give a faithful transcript of nature, this is an atchievement which requires natural talents and considerable acquirements, and to which Mr. MORTON, to judge from his productions, is totally inadequate.

Sir Philip is sensible that suspicion, once roused, is not soon lulled to sleep. He, therefore, makes a compromise between his fears and his hopes, and promise to confide to *Young Handy* a secret, which affects his very life. This disclosure, however, is to take place in another part of the castle, in the eastern wing, to which they accordingly adjourn.

Scene III. discovers an interior view of the eastern wing of the castle. The room is hung with portraits, one of which particularly engages the curiosity of *Henry*, whose presence in that quarter may well excite our astonishment, as we were before expressly told, that this part of the castle had been cautiously kept locked, for reasons which will appear anon, and that the keys had never been, for a moment, out of the possession of *Evergreen*. *Henry* perceives

perceives the approach of *Sir Philip* and *Handy, jun.* and deliberates whether to stay and overhear their conversation, or quit the apartment. Whilst he is debating the point, the Baronet and his friend make their appearance; certain words are spoken by the former, which *Henry* eagerly lays hold of, and which, in the sequel, lead to the denouement. As the narrative, which now succeeds, exhibits the leading features of *Sir Philip's* history, and is intimately interwoven with the plot, we shall present our readers with the following extract, not doubting but it will prove an acceptable offering.

" *Enter Sir Philip Blandford, and Handy, jun.*

Sir Philip. That chamber contains the mystery.

Henry (aside.) Ah!

Sir Philip (turning round) Observe that portrait. *(Seeing Henry, he starts)* Who's there?

Handy, jun. (to Henry) Sir, we wish to be private.

Henry. My being here, Sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion. *(bows)* But the important words are spoken—that chamber contains the mystery. *(aside.) Exit.*

Handy, jun. Who is that youth?

Sir Philip. You there behold his father—my brother!—*(weeps*)* —I've not beheld that face these twenty years—Let me again pe-

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* In the very commencement of our Analysis of Mr. MORTON's Comedy, Vol. I. page 215, we remarked, that the author had availed himself of the infatuation of the town for the German Drama, and attempted to incorporate its prominent attractions into his own production, by constructing his play completely *à la Kotzebue.* His imitation of the *manner* of that writer, has extended even to the *printed directions* to the players, which Kotzebue in his dramas deals out with a very lavish and unsparing hand.

ruse

ruse its lineaments—*(in an agony of grief)*—Oh, God! how I loved that man!

Handy, jun. Be composed.

Sir Philip. I will endeavour. Now listen to my story.

Handy, jun. You rivet my attention.

Sir Philip. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder-born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, his large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Handy, jun. It was noble.

Sir Philip. At least it was just. We lived together, Sir, as *one* man—as my life I loved him, and felt no joys but what he shared—sorrow I knew not.

Handy, jun. Such love demanded a life of gratitude.

Sir Philip. (with suppressed agony) You shall now hear, Sir, *how* I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms—my heart was captivated. Fortune she possessed not, but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation!

Sir Philip. Oh!—*(sighing deeply)*—On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree; where, lover-like, I had marked the name of my destined bride; and with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstacy, I was wounding the bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh! God!

Hand, jun. Pray proceed!

Sir Philip. When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth who had wound themselves round my heart, by every tie dear to the soul of man—placed themselves before me. I heard him—even now the sound rings in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from me. They were about to depart, when the burning

fever

fever in my heart rushed upon my brain.—Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other, stabbed my brother to the heart.

Handy, jun. (starting with horror, then recovering) * What followed?

Sir Philip. At that dreadful moment my brother's servant appeared, and the vessel that was to waft him to happiness, bore away his bleeding body. A few days brought the news, that he had died suddenly in France, and all enquiry ceased.—*(Exhausted he falls into Handy, jun's. arms.)*

Handy, jun. You are faint—but let me lead you from this place—yet hold!—the wretched woman!

Sir Philip. Was secretly conveyed here [*hither*]—even to that chamber—She proved pregnant, and in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death.

Handy, jun. Which son is the youth that left us?

Sir Philip. Even so—Tell me, could wretch be born, possessed of a more solid title to my hate?"

Having thus unburdened his guilty soul, and traced the source of his sorrows and misfortunes, the Baronet proceeds to solicit the interference of his auditor.—" My task being ended, your's begins.
" That chamber contains evidence of my shame:—
" the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lie
" there concealed. Can you wonder I dread to
" visit the scene of horror? Can you wonder, I im-

* Instead of this interrogatory, Mr. FAWCETT, who personates *Young Handy*, introduces an exclamation—" Be merciful, heaven!"—The exquisite *pathos*, with which he delivers these words, never fails to produce a *ludicrous* effect!!! The *sentimental* walk is his undoubted *forte!!!*

" plore you in mercy to save me from the task?
" Oh, my friend, enter the chamber; bury in end-
" less night those instruments of blood, and I will
" kneel and worship you."

Young Handy promises compliance with *Sir Philip's* request, the tendency of which will furnish ample scope for animadversion, when we enter upon our general remarks on the plot and conduct of the play.

ACT V. SCENE I.

We are presented with a woody prospect. *Susan*, by appointment, meets *Young Handy*, to know his final determination respecting his promises to herself, and the treaty of alliance lately entered into with *Miss Blandford*, " Tell me my doom," she says, " yet hold, you are wild and impetuous—you do " not give your heart fair play—therefore promise " me (perhaps 'tis the last favour I shall ask) that " before you determine whether our love shall die, " or live with honour, you will remain here alone a " few moments, and that you will give those mo- " ments to reflection."

Young Handy accedes to *Susan's* request, and after a conflict between honour, and what is generally termed *gallantry*, but what might with greater propriety be called *depravity*, resolves to obey the virtuous impulses of his soul. " Come, *Susan*—come " my love, my soul, my *wife!*"

Sweeter than the music of the spheres, rings the denomination of *wife* in the ears of the delighted

Susan

Susan. She springs into her lover's arms, and a scene of tenderness ensues, till their happy *tete a tete* is interrupted by the arrival of *Ashfield* and his wife. The farmer, suspecting the purity of *Young Handy's* intentions, is enraged at this assignation, and feels tempted to shoot the imaginary betrayer of his daughter's honour. His wife dissuades him from violence, and an explanation takes place, which yields satisfaction to all parties, and which would be more gratifying to persons of sense and taste, if the author had not again had recourse to wanton buffoonery and clumsy *caricature.* " From this moment," *Young Handy* says, " I'll maintain, that the real tem-
" ple of love is a parish church ; Cupid is a chubby
" curate ; his torch the sexton's *lantern*"—we never knew before that *marriages* in a parish church were customarily celebrated by *torch or candle-light*; funeral solemnities, indeed, are frequently performed by night, to render the scene more awful and impressive, but the *canonical* hours of matrimony are restricted to noon—" and the according pæan of the
" spheres, is the profound *nasal thorough bass* of the
" clerk's *amen!*" The *common place book* of the vilest scribbler seldom furnished a more contemptible *farrago* of trash and folly.

Sir Abel now breaks in upon their raptures, and catechizes his son on his want of gallantry towards his destined bride, the daughter of *Sir Philip. Bob* tells him he has a very *fair* excuse for his conduct, and produces *Susan.* The competency, as well

as *fairness* of this apology, is readily admitted by *Sir Abel*, who, after a few slight remonstrances, gives his consent to *Bob's* marriage with *Susan*; subject, however, to his wife's approbation and control.

A stranger, of the name of *Gerald*, now enters, and desires to speak with *Sir Abel*. The purport of his business is, to bargain with the Baronet for the dissolution of his marriage with *Lady Handy*, which he promises to accomplish, on condition of receiving £.1000 for his services. *Sir Abel* generously offers to give £.5000. *Gerald* takes the Baronet at his word, but refuses to tell his name at present. *Lady Handy* now calls. "That's your wife's voice," quoth *Gerald*, "I know it." The stranger withdraws, and desires *Sir Abel* to give him a signal, when his intervention is wanted, by crying "hem!" "You need not go far," replies *Sir Abel*.

Lady Handy now makes her appearance. *Bob* salutes her by the title of "honoured Mama," and solicits her consent to his union with *Susan*, which my lady peremptorily refuses. "Do you imagine "I will agree to such degradation?" *Bob* advises his father to try the virtue of *Gerald's* receipt, by crying, "hem!" *Sir Abel* acknowledges that it is high time, and father and son both fall to coughing. *Lady Handy* desires to know, what they mean by their "Hem!" "Hem!"—"Only something trou-"blesome, my dear," replies *Sir Abel*, "which I "want to get rid of."

Gerald comes forth from his retreat, and proves to

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be the husband, the long-lost husband of *Lady Handy*. This discovery of course dissolves *Sir Abel's* recent marriage. The Baronet, in an ecstasy of joy, joins the hands of *Bob* and *Susan*; then capers about the stage with the lightness of a prisoner just emancipated from thraldom, a bird just escaped from the cage. *Bob* tells his father, that he has business at the castle, whither *Sir Abel* follows him, leading off *Susan*. This scene receives a degree of comic interest beyond description, by the irresistible drollery of MUNDEN, whose peculiarity of manner constitutes the very life and soul of the piece.

Ashfield and his wife remain behind, amusing themselves with anticipating their future happiness. They play a variety of *antics*, according to their different humours, till their noddles meet, and interrupt their golden visions—"What an wold fool thee bees't Dame!" exclaims *Ashfield*. "Come along, and behave pretty, do'e."—*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *The same as in* ACT IV. SCENE III.

Handy, jun. is discovered with a light, preparing to fulfil his promise to *Sir Philip*, relative to the removal of the guilty evidences contained in the chamber of the eastern turret. The consciousness of the dreadful scenes connected with the task he has undertaken, fills him with alarm and dread; though he is unwilling to acknowledge his cowardice even to himself. "'Tis all so cursedly hush!" he cries, when a sudden flash of light, and a tremendous explosion take place. He recoils with horror. At this

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this moment his father enters, with equal symptoms of terror and affright. It now appears that *Sir Abel* is the author of this uproar and confusion. The scheming Baronet was making experiments, and "mixing the ingredients of his grand substitute for gunpowder, when, somehow or other, it blew up, and set the curtains on fire." *Bob* tells him, that not the *curtains* only, but the *whole room* is in a blaze! The Baronet is shocked at the intelligence. With all his inexhaustible store of contrivances, he has no resource to meet the exigencies of the present danger. His famous preparation for extinguishing flames is not mixed: his fire-escape is not fixed: his patent fire-engine is on the road. "What's to be done?" demands *Bob*. "I dont know," replies *Sir Abel*. "I thought you were never at a loss."—"Never!" Then, recollecting himself—"I have it, *Bob*—perhaps the fire will go out of itself."—The family is now alarmed: one of the servants calls out to his fellow domestics, that some villain has set fire to the castle, and orders them to catch the rascal, and throw him into the midst of the flames. *Sir Abel* does not stop to give them an opportunity of obeying this injunction, but runs off precipitately, and the alarm bell rings.

SCENE III. the garden, with a very picturesque view of the castle in flames. *Henry* encounters *Evergreen*, from whom he learns that *Emma* is in danger. The old man in vain endeavours to dissuade him

him from rushing into the flames to her rescue: he gallantly resolves to save or perish with her.

Sir Philip now appears, and despairing of *Emma's* safety, declares he will not survive her. *Evergreen* encourages him to hope—" If human power can save her, she is safe. The bravest, the noblest of men, has flown to her assistance." *Sir Philip* is penetrated with gratitude, on hearing the generous conduct of *Henry*, and vows to reward him. At this moment *Henry* advances on the stage, bearing *Emma* in his arms. He delivers her into her father's hands, and again rushes into the flames to explore the mystery of the fatal chamber.

Bob and *Susan* next arrive—*Sir Abel* prudently keeps out of the way. *Bob* expresses his satisfaction at the safety of his dear friend and his lovely daughter, and *very naturally*, *very characteristically*, makes a jest of the demolition of the Baronet's mansion. " Let the *bonfire* rage ! ! !" he cries. *Sir Philip* himself appears to exult in the conflagration, as the flames will save both himself and *Young Handy* the trouble of entering a desolate chamber, and removing a knife and bloody clout, a task of such great hardihood and magnitude, that he conceives its remission cheaply purchased by the loss of his house, furniture, &c. &c. Fate, however, had otherwise decreed. *Henry* accompliſhes the adventure, on which his heart was fixed, and rushes in violent agitation and disorder on the stage. As the remainder of this scene is intimately interwoven with the main thread

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of the plot, and forms the counterpart to the former quotation we gave from Act IV. we shall conclude our *Analysis* of Mr. MORTON's Play with the following extract—

" *Emma.* Ah! (*shrieks*) Thank heaven, he's safe! What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the castle?

Henry. Fate! The desperate attempt of a desperate man!

Sir Philip. Ah!

Henry. Yes; the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance—in vain the heated, suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors: a firebrand was my guide—and, among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—these; (*Produces a knife and bloody clout.*)

Sir Philip (*starts with horror, then exclaims with solemnity*) It is accomplished;—Just heaven! I bend to thy decree!—Blood must be paid by blood!—Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Henry. Ah! *(grasping the knife.)*

Emma (placing herself between him and her father). Henry! (*He drops his hand.)* Oh, believe him not! 'Twas madness! I've heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his words—I am sure none will!—My heart will break!—Oh, Henry! will you destroy *my* father?

Henry. Would I were in my grave!

Enter Gerald.

Sir Philip. Ah, Gerald here! How vain concealment! Well, come you to give evidence of my shame?

Gerald. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir Philip. Who?

Gerald. Morrington.

Sir Philip. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me.

Gerald.

Gerald. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter Morrington, wrapped up in his cloak.

Sir Philip. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me? (*Morrington clasps his hands together, and hides his face.*)—Ah! can even you pity me? Speak! —Still silent—still mysterious!—Well, let me employ what remains of life in thinking of hereafter!—(*Addressing heaven.*) Oh! my brother! we shall soon meet again!—And let me hope, that, stript of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee! (*Morrington becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into Gerald's arms.*) Ah! what means that agony? He faints! give him air!—(*They throw open his cloak and hat.—Starts.*) Angels of mercy! my brother!—'Tis he! he lives!—Henry, support your father!

Henry (*running to Morrington.*) Ah! my father!—he revives!

Sir Philip. Hush!—(*Morrington recovers. Seeing his brother, covers his face with shame, then falls at his feet.*)

Morrington. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch!

Sir Philip (indignantly). My brother, Morrington!

Morrington. Turn not away--in mercy hear me!

Sir Philip. Speak!

Morrington. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to punish home what your arm had left unaccomplished; when some angel whispered: "Punishment is life, not death—Live and atone!"

Sir Philip. Oh; go on!

Morrington. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers. —What was to be done?—I became Morrington! littered with villains! practised the arts of devils! braved the assassin's steel! possessed myself of your large estates!—Lived hateful to myself, detested by mankind!—To do what?—To save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortunes at his feet. (*Places parchments before Sir Philip.*)

Sir Philip. Ah! is it possible?

Morrington. Oh! is that atonement?—No.—By me, you first beheld her mother! 'Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement?—No.—But my Henry has saved that angel's life!—Kneel with me, my boy!—lift up thy innocent hands with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint! (*Henry kneels with him.*)

Sir Philip. Oh, God! how infinite are thy mercies! Henry, forgive me!—Emma, plead for me!—There—there—(*joining their hands.*)

Henry. But my father——

Sir Philip (*approaching*). Charles!

Morrington. Philip!

Sir Philip. Brother, I forgive thee!

Morrington. Then let me die—blest, most blest!

Sir Philip. No! no! (*striking his breast.*) Here!—I want thee here! Raise him to my heart! (*They raise Morrington—in the effort to embrace, he falls into their arms, exhausted.*)—Again; (*They sink into each other's arms.*)

To heighten the *ludicrous solemnity* of the scene, and entirely to destroy the illusion and effect of the representation, FAWCETT, in whose mouth sentiment infallibly converts into farce and ridicule, now steps forward; transports the scene from Hampshire to Covent-Garden; calls off the attention of the audience from the impressive catastrophe, and craves their indulgence in behalf of the author—"If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—*here?*"—The supplicant tone in which he pronounces this mendicant address; the happy mixture of *pathos* and exultation, which characterizes his delivery, may be *heard,* may be *felt,* but cannot be *described.*

It

It is our intention, in our next Number, to follow up this *Analysis* with a *critical* investigation into the literary merits of Mr. MORTON's New Comedy. As a production adapted to meet and gratify the prevailing taste of the town, we have with pleasure bestowed upon it its due share of commendation. In a *pecuniary* point of view, it certainly has answered the author's purpose: it has answered the most sanguine hopes and wishes of the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre. But Theatrical success is not always the touchstone and criterion of merit. It is very possible for a Play to be very popular, and yet to possess very little intrinsic worth. It is very possible for a Play to produce a very striking and very powerful effect, and yet to offend against every rule of legitimate drama, every principle of genuine taste. In how far these remarks are applicable to *Speed the Plough*, will form the object of next week's enquiry.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *April* 15, 1800.

BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE—*Mrs. Centlivre.* LODOISKA —*J. P. Kemble.*

IT fills us with regret to have our attention so constantly recalled to the indisposition of the worthy Manager of this Theatre. Placed in a situation where the continual clashing and jarring of *individual* interest render it almost impossible for Jove himself to give general satisfaction, it is the singular merit and felicity of this gentleman, to possess the

unfeigned good-will of every member of the company.

The part of *Obadiah*, in consequence of Mr. AICKIN's illness, was allotted to Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH, who falls far short of his predecessor: and Mr. SURMOUNT stept into Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH's place, as the representative of *Simon Pure*.

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, *April* 15, 1800.

THE WOODMAN—*Dudley Bate.* THE RENDEZVOUS. THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*Dibdin.*

THE Comic Opera of *The Woodman*, after lying dormant four years, was this night revived for the Benefit of Mr. INCLEDON. The crowded house this gentleman draws, affords a strong proof of the depraved taste of the town. The tickling of the *ear* is now preferred to the gratification of the *mind*.

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *April* 16, 1800.

AS YOU LIKE IT—*Shakespeare.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY *April* 16, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* ST. DAVID's DAY—*Dibdin.*

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *April* 17, 1800.

JANE SHORE—*Rowe.* LODOISKA—*J. P. Kemble.*

Mr. RAYMOND, in consequence of Mr. AICKIN's indisposition,

indisposition, performed the part of *Richard*, and approved himself a creditable substitute.

Mr. TRUEMAN appeared in the Entertainment in Mr. KELLY's character, as *Count Florenski*, having undertaken the part at a very short notice. He was, as he justly deserved, very favourably received. Indeed, to succeed Mr. KELLY, is no arduous task. Even in his own line, as a singer, Mr. KELLY has a disagreeable voice, a monotonous croak; and, as an actor, he is insufferable. Mr. TRUEMAN has a better voice, and as to the comparative abilities of these two gentlemen, as performers, the case does not admit of a parallel.

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *April* 17, 1800.

THE VOTARY OF WEALTH—*Holman.* THE RENDEZVOUS. TOM THUMB—*Altered from Fielding by O'Keefe.*

THE Entertainments of this evening, were for the Benefit of Mr. HOLMAN, who performed the part of *Drooply*, originally Mr. LEWIS's character. We were sorry to see such a wretched house, on the Benefit night of such a *principal* Performer.

Dramatic

Dramatic Intelligence, Correspondence, &c.

De Montford, the New Tragedy, now under rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre, is adapted to the ſtage by Mr. KEMBLE, from a published *Series of Plays on the Paſſions*, generally attributed to the widow of the late JOHN HUNTER. The ruling paſſion, on which the forthcoming Drama is conſtructed, is *Hate*. Mr. KEMBLE, who himſelf performs the principal male character in the piece, (Mrs. SIDDONS is the tragic heroine) has introduced a variety of alterations into the printed copy, and furniſhed ſome additional ſcenes. Independent of its own *intrinſic* merit, of which report ſpeaks highly, and which the acknowledged taſte of the gentleman, who has undertaken to prepare it for repreſentation, leaves no room to doubt, the New Tragedy is to receive every adventitious aid and attraction, which muſic, pageantry, and ſcenic beauty, can beſtow upon it.

The announced farce of the *Indian*, is a tranſlation from the French *petite piece*, entitled the *Savage in Europe*. It is brought forward by Mr. FENWICK, the reputed author of the play, "*He's Much to Blame*." A muſical farce, compoſed by Mr. HOOK, and written by Dr. HOULTON, is alſo in rehearſal at Drury-Lane Theatre; and a Comedy by Mr. HOARE, in which Mrs. JORDAN is the heroine, will ſhortly be produced and played alternately with the New Tragedy.

The *Egyptian Feſtival* is at preſent obliged to be withdrawn

withdrawn, in consequence of the *accouchement* of Mrs. BLAND.

At Covent Garden, a Musical Drama is in rehearsal, founded on *St. Pierre's* popular tale, entitled *Paul and Virginia*. Mr. COBB furnishes the dialogue, and Messrs. MAZZINGHI and REEVE the music. A New Comedy, from the *prolific* pen of Mr. DIBDIN, is to follow; and should this not succeed, the same gentleman is understood to have an Opera in readiness to substitute in its place. Mr. DIBDIN's genius is a fertile hot-bed: like the good man in the Gospel, he "bringeth forth things *new and old!!*"

These, with the exception of the customary ephemeral trash manufactured for *Benefit nights*, constitute the novelties of the Winter Theatres for the present season.

Mr. T. D. M. will please to accept our best thanks for his polite communication. The *critique* in the *Monthly Mirror*, to which he alludes, had not escaped our notice. But we wage not war with *imbecility*—the yelping of a cur, that has no teeth to bite, provokes our contempt, not our anger. Add to this, that *abuse* from that quarter, is the highest *panegyric* to which our ambition aspires. The proprietor of that publication, as we had occasion to remark in our last, is a gentleman to whom we wish all possible success; and sorry, unfeignedly sorry should we be to injure his literary speculations. However ill the work may be conducted, it certainly is printed with great neatness.

Our

Our correspondent, who complains that he has not enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, and who, therefore, requests a translation of the Latin passages which occur in the course of this work, is respectfully informed, that a *Dictionary of Quotations* may be had at a very moderate price, which will answer the object of his enquiries.

We would recommend to such of our readers, as have taken in the Numbers of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, in a regular series, not to bind the *Review of the German Theatre* with the first volume, as we mean to reprint those four pages in a future Number, and to give a New Feature to this department of our Work.

As the first volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR is now completed, the Work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Sets, half bound, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel Court, Drury Lane; and C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall.

☞ Gentlemen going abroad, who wish to give their foreign friends a true idea of the state of the English Stage, and the actual character of the British Drama, will find this Work a valuable *Vade-Mecum.* Merchants of ships would consult their own interest, by making the DRAMATIC CENSOR an article of speculation. There can be do doubt, but this Work would prove an acceptable offering in our East and West-India Colonies.

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